Expectations

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Expectations

by Beatricenius

Summary

“You never deny me anything. Do you have any limits?”

“Not that I can think of.”

Will looked up. The amusement had faded from Hannibal’s face and he looked at Will with a sort of open helplessness.

A quiet morning at Will’s house. He and Hannibal stay in bed and try some new things.

Notes

Just some smut and fluff. It can be read as a stand-alone, all you need to know is that Will and Hannibal are in a relationship and Hannibal crossdresses. Will knows Hannibal has killed those who killed his family, not that he is the Chesapeake ripper.

See the end of the work for more notes

Will woke up with his nose nestled into the downy hair at the back of Hannibal's neck. He took a deep breath, savoring the scent of clean skin and conditioner. His arm was wrapped around Hannibal's middle and he could feel the beat of his heart against his palm, a slow, steady rhythm. Stripped of awareness, Hannibal was soft and loose and open, and it made him look like an older man, or perhaps a much younger one – he gave Will the impression of being vulnerable, despite everything he knew.

Pressing closer, Will let his hand trail from Hannibal's chest to his stomach and his thighs. He was wearing Will's t-shirt – a worn, threadbare old thing he'd bought at a flea market to wear while tinkering with his engines – and it was at least two sizes too large for Will. It reached almost all the way down to Hannibal's thighs when he wore it. Will pushed his hand under it and found the thin, lacy trim of his underwear, then the outline of his dick, hard and straining against the soft fabric. Hannibal made a quiet sound. Will smiled.

"What's this, huh?" he mumbled into Hannibal's neck, squeezing around his cock.

Hannibal shifted slightly. "I might ask you the same thing," he said and pushed his hips back against Will's crotch.

"You might." Will smiled and rolled Hannibal onto his back, draping himself on top of him. Sleepy and ruffled, this was a version of Hannibal Will had a hard time resisting. Traces of vulnerability lingered in the slackness of his wide, pale pink mouth. "Want my help with that?" he asked, pointedly grinding their hips together.

Hannibal drew a quick breath and nodded. Will grinned and forced movement into his sleep-heavy limbs, settling between Hannibal's spread legs, rucking up Hannibal's shirt as he went. He kissed one of his nipples, letting his tongue lap over the silky flesh. Hannibal was unnaturally smooth, always, skin tan and soft to the touch.

"Do you shave?" Will asked, placing a light kiss on the hardened nub. "Your body, I mean."

"I shave under my arms. The rest I like to wax."

"The rest?"

"My legs, my arms and my chest."

"Not here." Will slid his hand beneath the waistband of his panties, smoothing his fingers over the neatly trimmed hair above the base of Hannibal's cock.

"Would you prefer if I waxed there as well?" Hannibal raised his brows. "I would. I only picked up the habit of waxing at all after we started seeing each other regularly."

"I never asked you to do that."

"Not explicitly, no. But femininity comes with certain expectations."

Will felt a twinge of guilt and a swell of affection at the same time, touched that Hannibal would go through the trouble for him.

“I don’t expect you to do anything,” he said. “You do whatever you want, okay? That’s the only thing I’ll ask of you.”

He tugged at the flimsy fabric of his underwear and Hannibal lifted his hips so Will could slide them down. As soon as they were off, Will wrapped his hand around Hannibal’s dick and started stroking, pace slow, grip firm. Hannibal’s breath caught as Will’s thumb stroked gently over the head, smearing precome over it. It was so wet. Will bent lower and slowly licked up the length of his shaft, stopping to suck on the tip. It leaked salty-bitter all over his tongue and he kept lapping it up, savoring the warmth of Hannibal’s cock in his mouth, the taste, his smell.

Gripping Hannibal’s thighs with both hands, Will let his mouth sink down rhythmically over his cock until strong hands grasped at his shoulders, tightening around the bunched up fabric of his t-shirt. When he glanced up, Will could see that Hannibal’s eyes were closed. The expression on his face reminded Will of what he looked like when he was tasting his own cooking. A tranquil sort of pleasure, private and unhurried.

Because Will wanted to challenge that serenity a little bit, he circled his fingers around Hannibal’s nipples and pinched them. Hannibal’s breath stuttered. Will kept rolling the small nubs between his fingers while sucking him until Hannibal started twitching with oversensitivity, then he grazed his knuckles over them. Hannibal openly moaned at that, which was what Will had angled for.

“Good?” Will asked after pulling back for a moment. Hannibal nodded. Will pinched gently around one nipple, stifling a smile. “Words.”

“It’s good,” Hannibal said. His voice was ragged and low, words running together. Will rewarded him by taking his cock back into his mouth, rubbing his nipples with the tips of his fingers, a light friction that made Hannibal squirm beneath him. He kept his touch teasing while sucking him slowly. That’s how he wanted to make Hannibal come, with nothing but leisurely strokes of his tongue and light touches of his fingers. Hannibal’s nails dug in deep where his hands gripped his shoulders, but Will didn’t pick up the pace, keeping Hannibal on edge with his mouth and hands.

“Will,” Hannibal said, as he so often did when they were in bed together, and Will couldn’t help but groan at the way his name fit in Hannibal’s mouth. He said it like no one else did, quite literally – accent leaning heavy on the *l*’s, thickening the *i*. Deciding to take pity, Will pressed one of his fingers against Hannibal’s perineum. The skin there was slick with his own spit and he rubbed small, tight circles there before moving lower, pushing against his hole. He had barely slipped inside before Hannibal was coming, clenching and unclenching around his finger, head thrown back so all Will saw was the bob of his Adam’s apple.

Will swallowed, making a pleased humming sound before pulling back. He felt a dull ache in his jaw and a pounding arousal in his groin when he sat back up. Hannibal’s pleasure always fueled his own, to the extent that he was sometimes surprised he had not come when

Hannibal had. He cupped himself through his underwear and pressed down, just to give himself some relief.

“Let me,” Hannibal said. He gently pushed Will down on his back and sat between his legs; a reversal of their positions. Will took in the view of Hannibal and his messy hair, the way the stretched neckline of his old, grease-stained shirt slipped down to bare his collar bone. Then Hannibal was kissing him, and Will pushed his hands in under the soft cotton to thumb his nipples, still stiff and sensitive from being pinched. Hannibal gave a shivery moan and Will cupped his chest with both hands, squeezing gently around the slight softness there.

“I want to try something,” Will said, breaking their kiss. “Take that off.”

There was a brief pause. Then Hannibal did as he was told while Will strained to reach the bedside table, where a bottle of lube was sitting. He got hold of it and pumped some into his hands, smearing it over Hannibal’s chest, between the cleft of his pectorals. A streak of confusion marred Hannibal’s face before his eyes seemed to clear and narrow with amusement.

“Alright?” Will asked.

“Of course.” Hannibal positioned himself appropriately for what Will had in mind, using his hands to push his pecs together. Will felt his face warm, but he still gripped around the base of his cock and slid experimentally between Hannibal’s pecs, slipping over the slick skin. He had never done this with a woman, but he suspected it would be both easier and more pleasurable to be squeezed between bigger breasts. Still, the feeling of smooth, warm skin and look on Hannibal’s face, slack with lingering drowsiness and affection, had arousal coiling spring-like in his gut.

“God,” he muttered, reaching out to replace Hannibal’s hands with own, grabbing two small handfuls of smooth flesh and pressing them tight together. Hannibal put one of his hands over his chest, bridging the gap between his pecs and giving Will some additional friction to thrust against.

Will felt his hips jerk with a pulse of arousal. “Oh,” he gasped, “that’s perfect.”

“Good.” Hannibal’s eyes were dark and shrouded. Will felt his own nails sink into the meat of Hannibal’s chest, into skin as soft as roses, and just as fragile – he bruised like petals under the force of Will’s hands, time and time again. Will watched as his mouth dropped open slightly, his hair falling in front of his face, straight and feathery and almost blonde in the sunlight. He looked utterly debauched. Unashamed.

“Ah, *fuck*.” Will hissed, lips pulling back from his teeth. “I’m close.”

“You like using me,” Hannibal said. “You like using my body for your own pleasure. Seeing me like this, eager to fulfill your every wish.”

“*Yes*, ah, Hannibal—”

“And such modest little wishes they are. As though you couldn’t ask more of me.” Hannibal’s voice dropped to a low purr. “You still can’t help but think of me as innocent, can you? How much could I get away with, I wonder.”

“I’m not—I don’t,” Will couldn’t finish his sentence, singularly focused on the slide of their bodies, the fluid motions of his hips where desire was wound tight.

“But you do,” Hannibal insisted. “Are you going to come on my face? Mark me? Innocent no longer. Corrupted, all because of you. And I wanted it. I asked for it.”

“Ask for it,” Will panted and lowered his gaze, embarrassed, but so turned on it felt like he was dizzy with it. “I want you to ask, Hannibal, do it—”

“Please, Will.” Hannibal uttered the plea with his usual soft-spoken voice, just a faint note of urgency to it. “I want it. I want you. Let me please you.”

That did it for Will. Pleasure shot through his body, and he came with a choked moan, spilling all over Hannibal’s lips and chin, as high up as the peak of his cheekbone. He closed his eyes and breathed shakily through it, shivering as though he were cold. Hannibal was licking his lips when he opened his eyes, come slipping down his cheek like a tear.

“Jesus,” Will said, feeling a fresh burst of embarrassment. He sat up straight and reached for the tissues he kept in his nightstand, using one to dab gently at Hannibal’s face. He tried to wipe the mess of lube off of Hannibal’s chest, but quickly realized a shower would serve him better. Hannibal watched him, face warm and amused.

“I wager this would have been considerably more uncomfortable if I hadn’t waxed,” he said, giving Will a pointed look.

Will snorted, shaking his head. “Incorrigible,” he said, and narrowed his eyes. “Did it get in your *hair*? Christ.”

“I’m washing it anyway.”

“Well, now you are.”

“It’s no trouble, Will. Stop fretting.”

Will collapsed back down on the bed, releasing a deep breath. “You never deny me anything. Do you have any limits?”

“Not that I can think of.”

Will looked up. The amusement had faded from Hannibal’s face and he looked at Will with a sort of open helplessness. Behind his eyes was a darkness that made Will think of that night when Hannibal had bared his first secret to him; not the most shocking one, but important all the same. His eyes had been pools of black and little else, spider’s eyes, smooth black pebbles with the texture of something that might ripple if touched.

“I meant what I said before, you know,” he said. “About expectations. I don’t expect you to cater to my every whim. I just want you to be—” Happy? Will wasn’t sure. He wanted Hannibal to be happy with him, specifically, but he couldn’t phrase it like that.

“As long as you’re happy, I am too,” he settled for, and felt like it was a painfully shallow thing to say in light of what he wanted to communicate. But Hannibal must have caught something on his face, because he took Will’s hand and rubbed his knuckles with his thumb.

“You feed my desires and I feed yours,” Hannibal said. “There is no telling where we converge and separate. That is a good thing.”

“Is it?”

“Yes. It’s love.”

“Not love by the general definition.”

“I don’t care about the general definition. I care about ours.”

Will’s knuckles were kissed. Will dragged Hannibal down again so they were holding each other, tangled up like their desires. Beginning and ending with each other.

End Notes

Thanks for reading! Kudos and comments are hugely appreciated. More of my Hannigram stuff can be found on my tumblr and my twitter

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